

The Johnian



December, 1932

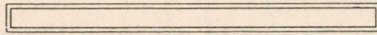
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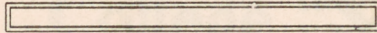
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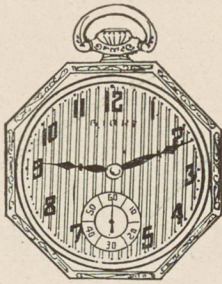


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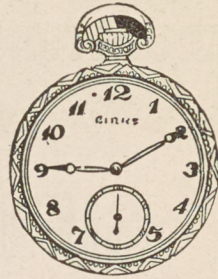
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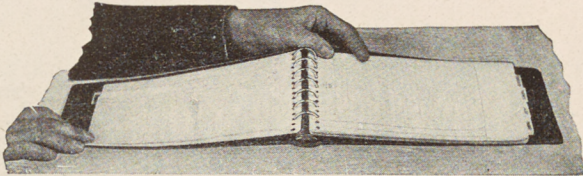
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Vol. XLI

DECEMBER, 1932

No. 2

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Editorial



We Misquote Queen Victoria

Editorials, say the rajahs of journalism, should stimulate thought. They should be critical, insolent, and, by their insolence, provocative. They should drive the nail of truth with the powerful hammer of constructive thought. But we choose to disobey their rule; we choose to misquote the Queen; in short, we choose to be amused.

Because we have a theory; a theory that people persist in taking themselves too seriously. Life is painfully real and excruciatingly earnest. Humanity is suffering from a Galahadian complex. There are few merry, mad clowns left among us; and a sense of humour is rare to be found.

To have a sense of humour is to have a philosophy. A philosophy which finds in man something that is joyous and living, that calls for laughter; something that appeals not to the intellect, but to the sympathetic sense. It makes man laugh with man. It is attained only by one who has known the sublime and the ridiculous in man, and has experienced the good and bad of life.

Few great people have had this philosophy of humour. Caesar came and saw and conquered; yet he wore a laurel wreath to cover up his baldness. Napoleon trod over Europe with iron heels; yet he smarted for days when Josephine mocked his smallness. Queen Victoria vowed with youthful finality, "I will be good"; she was good, and a paragon of stodginess because of it; and she went through life being unamused. On the other hand, Erasmus had it; he pricked the monks with the sharp fork of his

humour, and laughed into his beard as they squirmed. In our own day, Bernard Shaw assumes the Jester's cap; he smiles as critics become red-faced and earnest students dim-eyed because they take him seriously.

It is true. We are too serious. We need to learn the science of laughter. We need to study life in the softening influence of humour. Then there would be less of smugness and self-satisfaction, and even less of hate.

All of which sounds very much in earnest!

* * * * *

The Warden is Honored

A very interesting event took place at the recent College Commemoration, when the degree of D.D. (Honoris Causa) was conferred on Lieut.-Col. G. A. Wells, Warden of St. John's. This honour was bestowed in recognition of his splendid services to the College.

Warden Wells is of Devonshire ancestry, and was born at Salmon Harbour, Newfoundland. As a young man he served in the South African war and rose to the rank of sergeant. In the fall of 1904 he entered St. John's College, having previously passed some time in the offices of the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal. In 1910 he graduated and became curate of St. Thomas, Winnipeg. From 1911 to 1914 he was rector of Minnedosa. Upon the outbreak of the Great War he went Overseas as chaplain to the Fort Garry Horse. In France he served as senior chaplain to the Second Canadian Division, and later held the same post at Whitley Camp. In 1918 he was awarded the C.M.G.

In the fall of 1919 Warden Wells returned to Canada as rector of St. Luke's, Cedar Hill, B.C. In 1920 he was installed as rector of St. Margaret's, Winnipeg. He assumed his duties as warden of St. John's College in the fall of the next year. Three years later he received his M.A. at Chicago University.

Col. Wells' work in the Diocese of Rupertsland has always been active and noteworthy. He is most worthy of the honour which the College Council has bestowed upon him.

We add our congratulations.

In Search of Johnians

The Editor really said: "Will you write an account of your trip for The Johnian?" Those who know the Editor and me will easily understand that the "Will you?" to my mind was exactly equivalent to "You will." Hence this screed.

Yet, not to cast the magazine entirely to the wind, I must confine myself to a part only of my tour—that part in which I came in contact with some whom we have known in former days.

I left Liverpool by motor coach on the second Saturday in July and the bustle and confusion attending the start must have been very similar to that which characterized the departure of a stage coach in olden times. The road to Manchester is rural and pretty enough but from there to Leeds one passes through a succession of ugly, industrial towns. It gives one real pain to look down into what must have once been a beautiful valley with woods and sparkling brooks but now marred by dingy factories and grimy with smoke. Harrison, Briggs and Naylor come from this district and one can only surmise that their present amiable dispositions must be in the nature of a reaction.

Between Bradford and Leeds is a town rejoicing—or otherwise—in the name of Pudsey. The Rev. Arthur Nixon, our former football hero, is curate of the parish church there. I should have liked to see him but missed my chance when I failed to attend a county cricket match at Bradford in May.

Leeds is noted for a number of streets in which the cheap houses are placed back to back, with no intervening yards. The laundry is hung on lines stretching across the street and is presumably raised when any large vehicle passes through. Outside the city, however is a really fine inn called "The Chained Bull". The surroundings are pleasant and I believe there is a large signboard in a green space before the door. I was in a hurry for refreshments, but I did not go into the tea room.

From there, the road leads over moorland past the high stone walls of great estates, through avenues of trees; through Harrogate with its splendid buildings;

through Ripon, an old city of the Chester type with a fine cathedral; through Darlington, near which lives Miss Palmer-Michell, a former student of the College, to Durham. I got down here and was soon quartered at a quiet hotel set well back from the main street. On going out to explore, I felt a hand on my shoulder and turning about, found myself face to face with the Rev. Arthur Neale, who graduated from St. John's six years ago. He had come to Durham for the day to attend a clerical meeting.

Under his guidance I was soon climbing the hilly main street, so narrow that traffic for vehicles is possible only one way at a time; off to the right past quaint old buildings and courts until we reached the plateau on which stand the ancient Norman castles and equally ancient Cathedral. In the castle I was greatly interested in the Bishop's apartments, the chapel, the University student's rooms on an upper floor and the old, old chapel in the crypt. In the Cathedral where rests the bones of St. Cuthbert, I was impressed by the massive pillars, the cloisters and the crypt with its museum of ancient relics. We had a lovely walk along the banks of the river which almost encircles the hill on which the castle stands and which is one of the glories of this interesting city. A curious feature of the University is that the colleges consist of large houses forming a terrace in a winding street on the north side of the Cathedral.

Neale left me after dinner, to return to his parish. I attended the morning service in the Cathedral next day and after lunch, made my way by bus to Sunderland and thence to Marsden on the sea coast—a distance of about thirty miles. Marsden is a small mining village situated on the top of rocky cliffs so high that it made me dizzy to look down on the sands below. A great cleft rock juts out into the ocean and at one point, there is a public house quartered in what was once a smuggler's cave at the base of the cliff.

I reached Neale's house in time for tea and a kindly welcome and an hour later was at church where I had to preach to a really delightful congregation. I must have seemed a queer figure in a cassock which had to be looped up by a rope around my waist and a surplice to match.

Two days passed very pleasantly. On the Monday we set off over the moor for Whitburn to lunch with Neale's rector, and covered some of the ground which the Venerable Bede traversed a thousand years ago when he journeyed between Durham and Jarrow. Unfortunately a heavy thunderstorm came on and, by the time we reached the Rectory, we were thoroughly soaked. The cordial reception—cordial in more senses than one—given us by the rector and his family made ample amends. They have a very high opinion of friend Neale and I am sure he deserves it.

Later on we went to Sunderland and had tea and a pleasant chat with the Rev. Canon Silva White who graduated from St. John's in 1893, and whom I had not seen for many years. He sent kindest regards to all who knew him in this diocese. I learned also that the Revs. A. F. Clough, F. Warner, H. Garner and C. Ellison, all Johnnians, were working in Durham diocese and doing well, but I had no chance of meeting them at the time.

In the evening, a dense fog settled down on land and sea, and the siren at the lighthouse across the road was booming at intervals all night long. But my host and I were all the more cosy as we sat in his comfortable study before a bright coal fire and yarned about the men and affairs of the old College across the ocean.

J. F. C.

(To be continued)

* * * * *

With the Trappist Fathers

"Il est froid," the good Fathers replied, when we asked them, over the telephone, whether we could stay in their hostelry for the week-end. The weather gave every promise of being cold, but we decided to risk it, and, should it be insufferable, we could always come back on the Saturday.

So, on the Friday evening, we took the St. Norbert car, had our evening meal in the "Hotel Hamelin," with its little front room full of still, strong French figures, who had no need to move, for life is long, and there is not much work that one can do in winter. And then, with light hearts, we stumbled through the snow to the Monastery gates. It was well after eight, and we won-

dered whether all the Monks would be in bed, but le frere portiere was waiting for us. Yes, we had had supper, so he conducted us to the Hostelry, where Pere Autellier hoped that it would not be too cold, showed us our rooms, and bade us only talk in one of them, as in one farther down the corridor was a Monk (the Prior, bothered with rheumatism) who had to be up at two in the morning. So we looked around our rooms, with their high ceilings, French windows, scanty furnishings, crucifixs on the walls, and pamphlets on the desks letting us know that it was intended to propagate the faith among the Japanese by establishing an "ordre contemplatif" there. And so we betook ourselves to bed, and awoke in the morning to a new and yet an old world.

We were in Canada. There was no doubt about that. The creek bed in front of our windows, the howling wind and dashing snow, the sharp and beautiful contrasts of white and black, the frost and the dry clear air, spoke of Canada to us all the time. But we were also in a medieval world; a world where there is no need to hurry, for "time is a great healer," as the Curé said at breakfast; where the Fathers and Brothers follow the rule of St. Benedict, which was laid down in the fifth or sixth century; where the strikes and conferences and depressions of the twentieth century are hardly felt, for they are but temporal, and there are more important things to concern oneself with—the lives of the saints, the services at regular hours during the day, penance for one's sins, and prayers for one's own soul and for the world. Yes, there is work, for discipline and for sustenance. Le frere portiere is very proud of his dogs, many of which have been prize winners, and there are good farm buildings, with chickens, horses and cows, all of the best. There is a machine shop too, where a good old father, with a long beard and a healthy face, makes cogs and things for the tractor and repairs the truck with which the Brothers market the produce of the farm. But it is not in the farm buildings that one really sees the Trappists, but at High Mass in the beautiful chapel, where the Brothers, in their brown habits, sit humbly at the back, below the lay folk in the tribune, and where the Fathers, in their long white robes, sing the service from

beautifully illuminated manuscript books, and the officiating Father leads in the mystery of the Mass. So the great miracle has been performed through the centuries, in many lands, so multitudes of devout Catholics have worshipped their God, and the Trappist Fathers follow their rule, indifferent to Barthianism or the Oxford Movement, seeking, by their own penance, to partake in the sufferings of Christ.

Silence is a part of the Trappist rule, and so we kept much silence, stayed in our rooms, and worked. One of us wrote many letters, the other read for the coming exams. And we wished that we might have stayed longer in that solitude. We regretted that we must come back "to the world."

W. F. B.

MIRMIR'S WELL

(By J. A. M.)

Puns

The more I think of it, the more convinced I become that Moses either deliberately forgot or purposely mislaid the Eleventh Commandment, which, if it ever be found, must undoubtedly read, "Thou shalt not make abominable puns!"

However, which way it may be, there remains the fact that we do have, even in such a civilised generation as ours, abominable puns and still more abominable (if it be possible) punners. But think not harshly of them, kind reader, for they know not what they doeth. 'Tis a malady of the mind, "mind" you, and u—"pun" my word, even I suffer from this, my lady.

There are puns atrocious, and even puns atrocious. But the puns that are the worst are the atrocious ones. Contrary to the popular opinion of Lamb, the worst puns are not always the best. Quite often I have found the best to be the worst. Occasionally the best **are** the best, and the worst the worst, the worst, the worst. It all depends upon the mood one is in, or upon what one has had for supper. But let us study the subject.

Puns can be made anywhere, and usually are, even in St. John's College. Only the other day I overheard a worthy student swear "to be faithful and loyal to each and every 'co-ed' of the College". Even in the dining-room one might hear (after Grace has been said) such a remark as, "It is 'meet' that we eat immediately", or, "We'd 'butter' hurry up". I'll "steak" my all on it that such punnery goes on in our own institution right under our very eyes.

Sincerely though, there ought to be a law against such feeble puns. They weaken one's intellect, if one has an intellect, and deprave the mind. Just consider the following. Aren't they enough to drive a beg-bed a bud beg I mean a bug-bed (curses upon this typewriter!) a bed-bug crazy?

First there is the one about the fellow who worked in a bottle factory. Boy! He was a "corker"!

Then there is the one about the Scotsman who married a very skinny girl because there was no "waste" about her.

But what beats all is this. A certain young chap had a "nightmare", so he went into the bathroom and pulled the "plug" out.

Next on the list comes a quite modern one. First voice: "Open the door! Open!" Second voice: "Sez who!" First voice: "Open, sez—a—me". These and many similar puns only go to show the folly of youth. What do you think?

Is it any wonder, then, that our jails are filed I mean filled? No, say I, emphatically no! In the heat and excitement of punnery, many a criminal is caught unawares. Or should I say many a criminal's "unawares" is caught. Such a neat combination.

Speaking of jails and criminals, that reminds me of the musician who, as he was accompanying a well-known soprano, remarked, "I'm sorry, but I'm behind a few bars". Immediately thereupon the soprano retorted, "Well. You should be, you brute!" Quite a snappy retort (as the chemist would say), eh wot? But I'm not finished with criminals yet (though I hope I'm through with the jails) as I forgot to tell you of the "break" one jail-bird got. He was in for ten years, but finally becoming bored (or boarded?) he took the measles and broke out.

Here's another infernal one. It has been said that Dickens often spent as long as three months on one paragraph. This is really but a moment when you consider that a certain gentleman, with whom I have acquaintance, spent five years on one sentence.

So you see, dear reader, how vast and limitless is the field of punnery. Like the brook, I, too, could run on forever, but (since you wish me to) I won't. Thus I bid thee, farewell, and may thee fare well upon each forthcoming examination. Just a minute. I feel it coming on. "If 'x am a nation' in central Australia, what does y equal?" (Oh, heavens! Please stop me! It's got me! The malady's got me! Vo-de-o-do, what a sweet melody).

* * * * *

A criticism upon the article "What is genius?" which appeared in the last issue of "The Johnian" has been received from Maurice Stevens. Being too lengthy to reproduce (the criticism, not Maurice), any who may be interested can obtain the same, together with a reply, by calling at the Johnian office.

❁	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Exchanges</h2>	❁
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"The Mitre", the organ of Bishop's College, is, as usual, one of the most interesting of our contemporaries. It contains two features which we would like to see on "The Johnian". One, entitled "Introducing", contains short notices about all the freshmen and freshettes who have joined the College this Fall. The other, headed "De Alumnis", gives information as to what recent graduates are doing. Thus Bishop's College is linked through its paper at both ends with the living chain of life outside. The latter contains the names of the parishes in which the theological graduates of 1932 are working. We note that only one has come West and he is in Alberta. Under the title of "The Mitre and its Contemporaries", admirable notices of most of the College and School papers are found. But where, Oh where, is "The Johnian". Have we offended, or is the fault ours, and did we forget to send a copy of our magazine to the editor of "The Mitre".

Both "The Mitre" and that bright and snappy University paper, "The Dalhousie Gazette", of which we have received several numbers, evidently feel deeply—as all reflecting people must do—perils of another war, and the breakup of our present civilization which would ensue whoever was the nominal victor. The former sums up a thoughtful article on "The Cost of War", as follows; "Dead warriors and weeping women belong to the old world of Homeric Saga and not to the new age which we are fashioning. The friends of peace do not propose to abolish armed force, any more than they would demobilize the police. They propose that it should be like the police force—the instrument of a corporate will to justice". Surely wise words. "The Dalhousie Gazette" quotes at length from the "London Observer", an article by F. L. Garvin once looked upon as a jingo, but since the war a grim worker for an enduring peace—entitled "Whither, Europe". Mr. Garvin, with keen unerring logic, points out that to avert the catastrophe to which Europe is drifting, not only disarmament is necessary but revision, by consent, of the Versailles treaty: especially of that part of it dealing with eastern frontiers of Germany. Do we ever try to realize what the "Danzig Corridor," in the hands of another nation cutting off East Prussia, which contains the city that was the birthplace and life-long home of Emanuel Kant, must mean to every German? To try to put yourself in the other fellow's place is both Christianity and good policy. In fact, if we only realized that Christianity and good policy are the same thing, the world would soon emerge from the cloud of depression.

In the "University of Western Ontario Gazette" is an outstanding article on "Education is a necessity in the very far North". In it mucker's foreman who at the top of the continent on the Arctic slope works seven days a week building a mighty dam on the famous Abitibi Canyon, gives good advice to a driller who was offended at being called a "College man" and who said that he was not, could have been, but chose not to be. The foreman rolled a cigarette and remarked that the driller was seven kinds of a fool. Then he went on to point out the difference between the man with a degree and the man who could get it but doesn't, and he does it thus: "A University Degree is like a label,

some are labelled and some are not, there isn't six cents difference between the men. Both are glad to start at the bottom now, only one will climb and the other not." And I don't know that one could feel the difference much better than that foreman did. The spirit of one who overcomes difficulties to get a College education, is the spirit of one whom all his life it may be said "*Lic itur ad astra*".

J. O. M.

* * *

From "The Quill" we learn that Brandon College is appreciative of the support given them by the citizens of the city of Brandon. Formerly the proceeds of their annual college play were applied to the Memorial Gymnasium Fund. This year the College Play Committee has decided to turn all the proceeds of this year's play over to the City Relief Fund, for distribution among needy friends. A fine gesture and certainly an unselfish one.

In this paper was an article of more than usual merit on the oft discussed subject of Books. The essence may be summed up in a few paragraphs:

"A person with a book bears in his hand a transportation ticket. Books are tickets to 'Away'".

"We all live in a tiny immediate world circumscribed by the limits of our daily activities, composed of a little work, a little play, a little love, a little sorrow. To quote the song: 'Our only link with the greater world beyond is through the medium of books'".

"A man's library is a self revelation. His taste in literature is a certain indication of the inner man, just as a hostess' drawing room is the ghost of her soul. A book connoisseur stated that he utilized certain books as a gauge of potential friends".

"A good library always instigates a sense of awe, for it is a mausoleum where men's minds are confined in mummy cases, their thoughts embalmed in a spice of words. Only through a reader are they offered rebirth".

"'When life is bitter or friendships slip away' we shall come and sit at the table with Shakespeare and Goethe and laugh at the world with Rabelias and see its autumn loveliness with John Keats. For these are friends who give us only their best, who never answer back, and who always await our call".

A. P.



Student Activities



The Quiet Day

A most complete and helpful Quiet Day was held Friday, November 25th, at St. Alban's Church. The day commenced at 8.15 a.m., with a celebration of Holy Communion given by the Rev. F. Hughes, who conducted the day. Morning devotions opened with Morning Prayer followed by two most helpful and inspiring devotional addresses from Mr. Hughes. These were based on the thoughts of Psalm 121, verses one and two. The two afternoon addresses completed the thought of the day—namely, the necessity of Christian leaders to ever look upward, "Unto the hills from whence cometh their help". Each of these addresses were completed with a season of prayer. The day closed early in the afternoon with Evening Prayer.

Many thanks are due to Rev. Hughes for his most inspiring help. And also to the ladies of St. Alban's, who completed the day by providing the meals in such a kind and obliging way.

Truly, in many respects the day proved a great blessing to the twenty students who attended.

R. M. B.

* * * * *

The Freshman Debate

The first meeting of the Literary and Debating Society was held in the form of a debate on November 7th, in the Parish Hall. The discussion was presented by the Freshmen, the topic being one of great popularity to-day, namely, "Resolved, that all professions should be open to women on the same terms as men." The senior student, Mr. A. E. Smith, acted as chairman. The speakers for the affirmative were Maurice Stevens and Phyllis Varley, while Geoffrey Brock and Ethel Reid opposed the motion.

The affirmative speakers stressed the point that manufacturing by machinery had robbed women of

work in the home, thus they were forced to seek employment elsewhere; and also that the contributions they had to present to the world should not be refused on account of sex-prejudice.

The negative side declared that women in the business world had been responsible for lowering the standard of wages, generally; and furthermore that women could not withstand human appeal, a detriment in performing business on a business basis.

Several extremely amusing and enlightening speeches from the floor, and the rebuttal followed.

Finally a vote of the house was taken, the affirmative being in the majority.

H. F. S.

* * * * *

Dramatic Notes

It is with the greatest pleasure that we announce the complete success of our players in their worthy attempt in the one act play, "The Pie in the Oven". Our director, Kay Cheyne, by dint of patient work and careful forethought, showed to the student body of St. John's that dramatic ability in production is not lacking.

Such was the high standard of acting that no one portrayal of character was outstanding. The burly over-awing laird of the mansion John McNab was certainly well put forth by Joe McCracken, supported no less ably by Youla Clark in the role of the better half—Susie.

One of the most enacting parts was that of the lovesick and abashed swain, Peter Duff, the village constable, which was admirably played by Charlie Bishop. And last, but far from least, the heroine of the story, Iona Steedman, 'Flora,' the wee bairn of the McNabs, who showed her talent in the last clinch, or should we say embrace?

Credit and thanks must also go to Miss Bryans and Ruth Wells for costumes and effects. In Jack Kirkpatrick we also had the stage manager admirable which was clearly attested to by the stage set.

We should feel proud at St. John's that this year we have discovered such talent among our juniors, all of whom are newcomers to the ranks of dramatics.

The year has begun happily. May it continue in like manner. Great plans are being mooted for the New Year.

H. B. H.

* * * * *

Leap Year Party

On Thursday, November 24th, the Co-eds of the College entertained the students at an informal leap-year party at the Warden's home, and for one evening, at least, the girls had absolute power. Dance programmes were arranged beforehand by the co-ed council and complete revenge was taken for wrongs suffered from masculine superiority. Dancing began about nine o'clock to the rhythmic noise of a three-piece orchestra. Ice cream and cookies were served in the intermission and the evening finished up with more dancing. The party was voted a complete success by everyone and we can name at least three deluded youths who have since become very conceited.

N. S.

* * * * *

"Don" Company

The autumn of 1932 heralded the beginning of another busy year for our company. Although we lost the shield last spring owing mainly to our ignorance of the new regulations which became effective late in the season—we are confident, that, consequent upon the reorganization of the unit, the trophy will, once more, grace these ancient halls.

Enrollment, this year, has been satisfactory enough (from the numerical viewpoint, at least) and the whole company is, even now, working at high pressure under the able leadership of its officers, seconded by zealous N.C.O's.

Special efforts are being directed to the training of a rifle team that will eventually participate in the Inter-Company Shoot. This phase of our work is under the direction of Lieutenant N. R. Clarke.

In addition, tentative plans are under way to continue with the light automatic training started last year.

Considerable interest is being shown in certificate "A" and "B" work; in this connection, we are privileged in having as our lecturer Major Vandenburg.

Another feature of interest has been the Church Parade to St. Barnabas and the special detachment that attended the Armistice Day Service at the Legislative Buildings.

Social events will, as usual, play their part in the activities of the unit. Preparations are being made for the Company Banquet, and also for the annual banquet and ball following upon the G.O.C.'s Inspection. It is hoped that members of the company will turn out to a man for these two occasions.

Summing up, it may be said that "Don" Company anticipates a most successful year, and is keenly awaiting the day when it will contend with the rest of the battalion for the possession of that much-coveted trophy—the G.O.C.'s Shield for General Proficiency.

Signed,—

C. S. Brett-Perring
George A. Harris.

* * * * *

Co-Ed Basketball

St. John's vs. Science

St. John's has a Co-Ed Basketball team. And a winning one at that, which they proved when they played Science into Camp in their first Inter-Faculty fixture.

Administering an 8-2 defeat, the Johnians proved themselves to be just that much better than the Green and Gold.

The Collegians are elated over their victory, and are already looking forward to the Inter-Faculty Championship.

* * *

St. John's vs. United

St. John's Girls Basketball team suffered their first defeat November 17th, when United Colleges handed them a 14-5 set back.

It was the Redshirts first game which might have something to do with it, because the Johnians won their first match too. Anyway the squad is undaunted and is still looking for big doings.

St. John's vs. Arts

In a fast game St. John's Ladies Inter-Faculty Basketball team was defeated 17-4 by Arts at the Y.W.C.A. on November 23rd.

Not anywhere like the score indicates, the game was very even; and the Johnians just didn't seem to get the "breaks". Anyhow, they're not discouraged, and intend to be on top in their next encounter with the Blue and White.

R. P.

* * *

St. John's Regain Junior Soccer Crown

St. John's soccer eleven followed up its 5-0 victory over United Colleges by three more straight wins, to place themselves at the head of the divisional table, with a score of 19 goals against 1, which came via the penalty route. St. Paul's were defeated 3-0, Engineers's 9-1, Arts 2-0, and by these victories, St. John's earned the right to meet M.A.C. for the Junior Cup.

The usual supporters watched the game against M.A.C., which was played in the face of a driving blizzard over a snow covered ground, but even so, it was full of thrills from start to finish. Harrison won the toss and elected to play with the wind. M.A.C. opened strongly in spite of the driving snow and their efforts were soon rewarded with a goal. St. John's quickly settled down however and became the aggressors. The play was taken well into the M.A.C. territory and St. John's tireless work was rewarded with three goals, scored at regular intervals; Harrison (2) and Head being the marksmen. Just as the half time whistle blew Harrison headed the ball into the net, but the goal was disallowed.

The second half opened at a fast pace in spite of the heavy going and M.A.C. managed to place themselves on even terms, with St. John's doing everything but score. Full time arrived with the teams deadlocked in a 3-3 tie. Twenty minutes overtime was then played and with only one minute to go, Cassidy scored the goal that brought the cup back to St. John's for the second time in three years.

St. John's deserved to win. Their combination was better than M.A.C.'s and they practically monopolized the play. Every man gave of his best and the game was

clean and sportsmanlike throughout. The defence was very sound and Head proved himself a worthy successor to Herb Leah in the centre-half position. The forward line was capably lead by Captain Lionel Harrison and the whole team is to be congratulated on its splendid performance.

Personnel of the team was as follows: Ginsberg; Moore; Korody; Walker; Head; A. E. Smith; Harper; Dack; Harrison; H. H. Smith and Cassidy. Reserves, Foy, Park and Flook.



Literary Section



Birthday Party

Mr. Fogey stands with his hairbrush poised in one hand, contemplating his image in the mirror. He folds his mouth firmly and poses his head in an attitude of achievement. Today is his birthday. He is sixty years old. His face is bright as he tightens his tie; he admires blue of its stripes against the dull grey background. A gem of a tie. Daring; but not too daring. He buttons up his coat thoughtfully.

Sixty years old! Mr. Fogey heaves his chest, as one heaves his chest who has successfully climbed a long hard flight of stairs. Sixty years sixty stairs a hard climb, thinks Mr. Fogey. And the bottom steps he cannot see, for the twists and turns obscure his view. But he cannot stop at the sixtieth step, the stairs lead on and on, around bend and bend, until finally there is reached the inevitable end. Mr. Fogey shudders, and checks himself, as all simple minds do at the thought of death. Sixty years old! He's in the prime of life. When one's passions are subdued, and one's mind looks quietly back in retrospect. Mr. Fogey has a dull feeling that the thought is not his own, but he dismisses it.

Mr. Fogey wanders aimlessly out of his room, and down the staircase. He is a timid soul. Even in his own home he is like an abashed visitor. From the hall he can hear movements in the dining-room. He approaches the door softly, and peeps in. He sees his

wife arranging flowers in a bowl upon the table, which is magnificently set for his birthday meal. He steps back into the dimness of the hall, wishing to study her, unnoticed.

Martha Fogey wears a vivid purple dress, and a rope of yellow beads which hangs over her bosom. Gazing at the violent colors, Mr. Fogey cannot restrain a shudder. He has not yet learned to steel himself against his wife's somewhat noticeable eccentricities of dress. He pats the aesthetic strips of his tie to comfort himself. Mrs. Fogey has a bulbous figure. There is nothing indefinite about her. Everything is emphasized and glaring—her size, her voice, her forceful face with its prominent nose. She has such an obvious soul. It is seen in her eyes, it emanates with her generous words, it is portrayed in the brightness of her dress, in the abundance of her table. A soul like a Victorian front parlor, with blinds tightly drawn and a superfluity of gilt chromoes and lace antimacassars. Not that Mr. Fogey thinks this, as he watches her from the door. He merely admires the quiet skill with which she arranges the flowers, stepping back now and then to admire the effect.

At length Mr. Fogey coughs gently, making a queer little sound in his throat, and steps into the room. His entrance has no visible effect on his wife's movements. She works quietly on. Mr. Fogey feels humbled, and ashamed, as if he had come upon a goddess bathing.

"When," he asks nervously, "are they coming?"

"At eight," says Mrs. Fogey, with precision. She has finished the flowers, and now moves two tall candles from the buffet and places them on the table. She lights them, and as her cheeks glow and eyelashes flutter behind the darting flames, Mr. Fogey wonders vaguely whether he ought to kiss her. He falters . . . Suddenly the doorbell rings sharply. Mr. Fogey looks questioningly at his wife. She nods. He rushes violently into the drawing-room, and takes up a careless pose in front of the fire-place.

Not long after, Mr. Fogey finds himself seated with his wife and two guests at his birthday table. That he is somewhat nervous can be seen by odd little actions. He does not look at his guests directly, but out of the corner of his eye. He sends his glances to the roast in

front of him, or to the familiar face of his wife, or to the silver tea-pot, or to the pickle jar. He seems especially intimate with the pickle jar.

The guests are two, and young. On Mr. Fogey's right sits his wife's niece, Moon. Moon is a slip of a girl with great shy eyes and waves of dark hair. Her head she holds down a little, as if afraid, and she sits forward on the edge of her chair, as a child would. She wears a white dress. Her fragility, in contrast to Mrs. Fogey's stodginess, is soothing to Mr. Fogey. Across from her sits George, who is his senior partner's son. George is a young man of impeccable neatness. He gives the same impression as illustrating figures in geometry books. Clean, straight lines, definitely placed. His mind is as neat as his office desk, with ideas and thoughts and impressions carefully assorted and pigeon-holed; to be brought out and discarded or safely preserved, like his office manuscripts.

These four people sit at Mr. Fogey's birthday table. The two tall candles burn proudly. They watch the frisking flames, magically attracted. Mr. Fogey hears a cough. He moves his eyes to his wife's face, and sees there an unmistakable command. Guiltily, he bends his head.

"For what we are about to receive, oh Lord . . ."

The time-worn words sound strangely on his ears tonight. Not his own at all. Mr. Fogey has repeated the words so often that they have become singularly his own property, with his own peculiar intonation and cadenced phrasing. Tonight's grace sounded grander far than last night's. The grandeur given by the consciousness of sixty years of life. With confidence he raises his head and seizes the carving knife. All his former feeling of well-being returns to him as he slices the meat. He hears Martha's sigh of relief as the rich red juice oozes out from under the knife.

"So this is your birthday, sir," says George, beginning the conversation with the air of a person plunging into a deep well.

"Yes, I'm sixty . . ." Why is the girl staring at him as if he were a decayed mummy in a museum?

"Don't you feel terribly old?" asks Moon.

"Well, no . . .?" Mr. Fogey hesitates. Old? Certainly not.

"Why you're just in the prime of life," says George. Mrs. Fogey gives him a swift look, blessing his tact.

"Thirty years ago today, on John's birthday, we were in Paris," she puts in smiling broadly. Mrs. Fogey converses ingratiatingly, displaying words and experiences like a Jewish merchant selling Persian carpets. "From there we went on to Lyon. I remember John was sick on the train. From the tomatoes . . . I remember it well . . ."

"Here—George, do have a pickle," inserts Mr. Fogey, very red-faced.

"Paris . . . Lyon . . . magical names . . ." Moon says breathlessly, eyes eager. Then she becomes aware that the others stare at her, and she becomes suddenly interested in her plate.

(Jove, she is like a . . . a flame.) thinks George, unconsciously bringing out a line of poetry, he had carefully pigeon-holed in his mind three years before.

The candles burn on; leaping, subsiding, to leap again. There is the clatter of silver-ware, the clang of china, the tinkle of ice on glass. The talk comes in gusts, like rain during a storm. When it languishes Mrs. Fogey, like the wind, forces it on.

"When we were in Paris," ventures Mr. Fogey, we went to the art gallery in the Louvre." He remembers the sculpture. Shafts of sun-live light falling on white marble. But he cannot speak his thoughts.

"And do you remember the morning we saw the dawn on all the queer French rooves below our hotel window?" Mrs. Fogey's eyes are shining, half-shut, remembering things. Mr. Fogey stares at her. He cannot believe it. Martha, the wholesome, the sensible, the resourceful, to remember the warm red beauty of that Paris dawn! All people are strangers, one to the other, thinks Mr. Fogey. Then suddenly there is an episode, a flashing moment that illumines the hidden truth in them. But before you can realize the full meaning . . . the light is gone, and the alienness settles again. His wife has been a stranger to him. Mr. Fogey feels a sense of loss, of having cheated himself . . . he chokes on a pickle.

But Martha has remembered herself. She starts, as if guilty of a lapse. Then with more emphasized gen-

erosity, she offers salad, asks if the dressing is to their liking.

Soon Mr. Fogey becomes aware that the maid has removed the dishes and has placed the wine upon the table. Moon sips it delicately, raising the glass slowly to her lips. Her cheeks are red now, and she laughs a little. Often she looks at George, when she thinks he is not aware. But just as often he is looking at her; then they both look away. Mrs. Fogey drinks her wine in determined gulps, then sets the glass down firmly, as one who has done a painful duty. George quaffs his off with an air.

Mr. Fogey likes the silence that has come upon the company with wine. It is alive with thought. His own mind feels warm and tingling. After all, he thinks, life is like wine. Heady stuff sometimes, and very stimulating. He gazes at the flagon before him, half-empty. Whimsically, he sees in it a symbol of his own life, half-lived. Sixty years old

The evening has gone quickly. Now, Mr. Fogey stands outside on the doorsteps with his guests, as they await a taxi. Mrs. Fogey keeps calling down to them from the front door. Mr. Fogey, moved from his habitual reserve by the wine, is talking excitedly. The taxi rolls up.

"Good bye, Mr. Fogey."

"Good bye, sir."

Moon turns from Mr Fogey and looks up at George. He smiles down at her, as he helps her into the car. Then they are gone.

Suddenly Mr. Fogey feels very alone. Alone and tired. Slowly he goes up the steps and into the house. As he passes through the hall, he happens to glance into the dining room. He sees the cat sitting upon the table, and beside it the wine flagon upset. It is empty. Warm wine and life—half-drunk—half-lived.) He gazes dully at the red pool upon the floor.

As he goes up the stairs, he feels a twinge of rheumatism in his back. So it is true, then. He is **old**. He is sixty years **old**.

M. M.

?

He wandered in the other evening as we were having our usual coffee at the shop. A weird thought-provoking specimen of humanity. Short, stout, middle-aged, very shabbily dressed. His dark thread-bare overcoat gathered about his waist by a green cord wound around twice. On the right side of his overcoat were pinned a row of medals; while suspended from his neck were two engraved silver Greek crosses, each about seven inches long.

He carried in his left hand a sack of green netting (stuff which brought to mind the commercial Christmas stocking) filled with packages wrapped in brown paper, and apples. His face was strange—short, broad, pudgy—with a straggly moustache and a few days' growth of beard. But that which drew attention most was the light of insanity which gleamed darkly from his one small remaining eye.

As the crowd gasped for breath he held up one of the crosses and murmured something in a foreign tongue which sounded like a prayer of blessing on the "Owner of the House." Crossing himself, he approached the counter, and asked, in very broken English, if the waitress would give him a cup of coffee. "He could not pay, but in the Name of the Great Christ would she **give** to him."

A sudden buzz of conversation, intermingled with much laughter, broke the silence as he sat down, but the only notice he took was to suddenly lift his head now and then, in much the same manner for all the world as a startled animal jerks up its head from the drinking trough. Every one watched him furtively and waited for something to happen as he finished his coffee. There was a feeling of tenseness and excitement in the air which caused the blood to travel a little faster than usual. He turned and spoke. "Millions . . . Queen Victoria Official Documents . . . (here he slapped his breast pocket) . . Bishop Brothers Love"

A garble of disconnected words, mixed with mumbings of some foreign language, delivered just as calmly and confidently as though he were a trained orator.

Suddenly he turned as though he remembered something, and approaching the counter he knelt in front of the waitresses and touched the floor with his forehead—his token of thanks for their kindness. In the loud stillness he put on his ragged cap and as he reached the door he turned and faced the crowd. Cross in hand he gave his parting blessing and then disappeared into the night.

The silence was again broken by laughter and conversation—but in spite of the laughter the figure remained pathetic in my mind. Who was he? Where did he come from? What force drove him insane? Why was he dressed in that strange garb? What was his crazed brain trying to tell us? Where did he go as he disappeared from our sight? Literally hundreds of questions began to crowd the mind. Stories, theories began to build themselves around that lonely insane man. An Eastern fanatic attracted in some mysterious way to Canada; a Russian priest driven mad by his new land; a huge hoax used by a clever beggar. But why then didn't he beg from us? Besides, he was too convincing. In all probability our questions will never be answered; our theories never verified—he will remain to us simply a strange being; a dream; a weird thing. A living question mark in our memories. A thought-provoking figure of the past.

J. E. B.

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I yet remember you, in mournful song;
Not that I promised to think once on you,
Lovelier than shadows, still as I do,
And shall remember you, for long and long.

For that I thought this Spring would always be,
I said no words, no tongued vows I made;
No more than Spring could this enchantment fade,
And should it die, all Springs were lost, and we.

Yet as slow smoke is lost in twilight air,
Or glow of falling stars in night-dark skies;
As wild rose scent in hidden pathways fair
No sooner's shed but that it faintly dies;
Fled so enchantment, that tarries never long,
And mem'ry has alone in mournful song.

B. H.

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